#### SOME SHORT STORIES

Mostly Devoted to Humors of the Late Municipal Campaign.

"Gus" Rahke and His "Ouija" Board-Denny or "Bust"-Various Brief Tales and Incidents.

The superstition bump on the average gambler's head is abnormally large; their superstitious beliefs influence nearly all of their actions. It influences their play more than anything else. Let a beggar ask a gambler for alms as he is on his way to the play and he would not dare refuse it, as there is a general belief among the class that the refusal would be certain to bring bad luck.

Gus Rahke had his superstitious beliefs rudely shaken in the result of the city election. For several months past he has been the fortunate possessor of a "witch board," which is supposed to tell anything the possessor wishes to know; it also has the wonderful faculty of bringing continual good luck to the person possessing it, so long as it is in his possession. Rahke kept the "witch board" in his gambling rooms, and as is well known, the profits of the business were exceedingly large. At one time he was prevailed upon to let the board go out of the room and the next day a couple of theatrical gents visited his place and left with \$1,400 of Rahke's money. Rahke forthwith sent for the board and brought it back to his rooms; it remained there till all the gambling rooms were closed in the effort to re-elect Sullivan. After the closing order Rahke loaned the board to some lady friends. He wanted to bet on the result of the election and decided to consult "witch board;" he sent word to the ladies to try it and see whether it said Denny or Sullivan. Word was sent back that the board would say nothing but Sullivan, so Rahke wagered \$300 on the strength vanced and the indications pointed to Denny, he began to get uneasy, and went him-self to consult the witch board. The method of operating the board is to ask a ques-tion and the board will answer it by numbers, which indicate certain letters, the letters spelling the answer. The board was first asked if Sullivan would be elected, and answered "Sullivan." This settled it; Rahke was positive he could not lose by betting on Sullivan, and forthwith placed \$1,000 on his re-election. The "witch board," however, was not engineering the city campaign, and it cost Rahke just \$1,300 to learn that the board was not infallible.

The Democratic workers during the campaign just past were much like the boy who was going to have a great deal of fun tickling a mule's heels; and like this same boy, it was well that they had their fun beforehand. Down in the Fifteenth ward, in the one-hundred-and-fifty-fifth precinct, a couple of enthusiastic Democrats had a trained rooster perched upon the sill of the challengers' window. The rooster was the property of the Democratic challenger, and every time he removed his hat the rooster drew itself up to its full length - which was not very long - and crowed to the full capacity of its lungs. This was begun early in the morning and kept up all day; in the early morning the rooster's voice was strong, but as the day advanced it grew weaker, as if in anticipation of impending defeat, till at 6 o'clock the bird scarcely had the courage to open its throat. The little bird afforded lots of amusement while the uncertainty of the outcome lasted, but it only lasted a few

A five-year-old urchin, living out on Bellfontaine street, has taken a lively interest political situation. His father, a stanch Republican, brought the name of Mr. Denny into many family discussions, and the boy, Harry, with his five tender years, grew to understand that last Diesday was to be a prominent date in the history of the new Mayor. On the day before the election Harry, while playing in the yard, heard a laborer remark: "I'll vote for Denny or bust." To the youngster the word "bust" had a significant meaning, and, after puzzling his head for a time, he was struck by a bright idea. "Bust" was the other candidate who was trying to defeat his papa's favorite. He was sure of it, and when his father came home, and sat down to supper Harry prepared himself for the speech of his life.

"Papa," he said, after waiting until he had the ears of the entire family.

"What is it my son" the parent returned

"What is it, my son," the parent returned.
"Are you goin' to vote for Denny or for

Last Thursday there was a most unusual sight in front of Fred Heier's saloon on South New Jersey street. It was about ten minutes of 11 o'clock at night. At the front door of the saloon a little man was perspiring and grunting as if his life depended on the effort he was making. He was tinkering with the lock. It was rusty and would not work. Presently Fred came out and helped tinker a little while, but he seemed to have no better success. A small boy came out, and he tried awhile. Then the small boy was dispatched to the rear room, and presently came out with a can of oil. The oil was poured on the lock and, after a considerable while, a key was able to turn in the lock. "H-l of a lot of trouble to have to fix up this lock every time a Republican Mayor

is elected," remarked Heier, in a somewhat It was just four years ago since he had occasion to lock his front door.

The Hon. Frank C. Ader, late joint Representative from Putnam and Montgomery to the Indiana Legislature, came over from Greencastle last Tuesday night to assist the Democracy in its anticipated jollification. Mr. Ader, it is needless to state, returned to his hotel at an early hour, much disgusted and with the avowed determination of leaving Indianapolis on the first train. The Representative, it is said, has not given up the congressional idea, and was seated with a few consoling friends in the lobby of the Grand Hotel when a dapper little porter approached the group. The darkey was on the lookout for some one it was evident. He scanned the face of each guest, and then his eye rested upon the Putnam county gentleman. "Beg pawdon, sah," he said, "is you Mistah Bynum?"
"Great Lord!" exclaimed Ader, "I'll get to Congress yet!" The porter sought further for Mr. Bynum.

A crowd of rounders were on their way up Indiana avenue a few nights ago, when one of them suggested that they stop at Polster's to get a drink. It was after 11 o'clock, and much to the surprise of the gay party the blinds were all up at Polster's and the bar loomed up without a bartnder in sight. "Great heavens!" remarked one of the party, "if Polster is observing the law there is no chance on earth for us to get a drink in Indianapolis to-night." And there

Charles H. Black, the Republican candidate for Council in the Tenth ward, is a total abstainer, and started into the campaign with the firm determination to buy no beer for his constituents. At one time, however, he deviated from this determina-tion. He was met by a crowd of men who persuaded him to believe that it was an ab-solute necessity that he furnish "the boys" with some beer. The candidate reluctant-ly yielded and gave them an order for two kegs of beer. A few days ago he learned that the crowd was from Haughville

### A Sweet Reminder.

"I see you have a great many pictures," I remarked to the mistress of the farm-house where I had stopped to await the passing of a heavy thunder shower which had overtaken me while out driving. Yes; we set great store by those chromos," replied my hostess.

"They give a very attractive appearance to your parior," I said with polite men-"Yes; I think they do," she answered, with a little gleam of pride. "We think they're pretty; but we value them chiefly

on account of the associations." "I'me associations?" "Yes; they're all we've got to remember our son Rube by."

"Ah! did he select the pictures?" "N-N-No; not exactly. He had to take 'em as they come. You see he was sick with consumption, and fer about two years afore he died he used to take 'Mac Duff's Sure Cure for Lung Complaint' fer it. And we'd save the wrappers off the botles, and when we got a dozen of 'em we'd take 'em I him to repeat the year."

down to the store and exchange 'em fer "So thet's why we all set so much store by them pictures. "It was mighty hard to lose Rube! He was a good son and one of the best workers on a farm there ever was in this town. But, land's sakes! everybody has their troubles, and we've got chromos enough fer every room in the house; thet's one conso-

"And them's all we have to remember Rube by; thet's excepting the bottles," said the good lady, correcting herself. "And them I uses to put up tomato ketchup in!" OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

On the Lake. The moonbeams break upon the lake, They dance upon its restless waters, While in a boat they row and float-A youth and one of Eve's fair daughters.

What, though the day is gone away. The night but makes their hearts the lighter: The evening star looks from afar.

And Luna seems each moment brighter. Hark, the halloo that from the two Awakes the echoes erst reposing: The night bird cries, as 'round it flies, Its form against the sky disclosing.

How fair the scene! As grand, I ween, As all of Elfland's fabled glory. Now all is still and calm until Some truant zephyr tells its story.

Toward the shore they bend the oar, Though loath to leave the moonlit water. know full well the moonbeam's spell Has charmed the youth and Eve's fair -Richard Owen.

Maud Muller-Revised Version. Maud Muller on a summer's morn Jerked the suckers from the corn. And walloped the striped bugs that flew From the melon vines in the morning dew. Her dress, though adjusted with patient Was, may be, a little the worse for wear; But her face was as fair as the ripe, red

Though she had a few freckles upon her Her father, an honest and kind old jay, Was out in the meadow making hay, And trying to lift, with his brawny arm, The mortgage that covered the dear old Twas an uphill job and it made him swear, For he had ten children, and dogs to spare,

And the crop was large, but the price was And the annual interest made him hot. The Judge rode by on his sway-backed

And saw Maud Muller and changed hi He was struck with her beautiful eyes and And fell in love with her then and there, He stopped and conversed of the growing And the wavering price and the bucket

And was quite impressed with her sterling As she with his classic eloquence. He came each day and longer stayed, And offered his hand to the modest maid, And she, in true-lover's parlance versed, Requested to be a sister at first, But afterward yielded, when he demurred, Submitted a brief, and her dad concurred; And so it was settled the twain should be

One and the same for eternity. The wedding day came, 'twas a grand af-For the cream of the country was gathered And Maud was dressed like a fairy queen, In the finest togs she had ever seen. And the Judge was happy, and so was she, And so was the whole community.

Meantime the Muller farm seemed to be Fresh meat for the ravenous mortgagee, But the Judge, in a dignified, legal way, Sought the creditor out and advanced the

And gave his wife's father a farm beside, Without the least show of judicial pride; And said to himself, as he wrote the deed, "I'll not see my father-in-law in need,
For he gave me his daughter, and she alone
Is worth many times all the wealth I own."

—Nebraska State Journal.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold, The sweet young grasses wither on the And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy

fold; But evening brings us home. Where the brown lichen whitens, and the

Watches the straggler from the scattered But evening brings us home. The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender

Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat Their pitiful complaints—O rest is sweet, When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts Search for thy coming—when the light de-

At evening bring us home. The darkness gathers. Through the gloom Rises to guide us. We have wandered far. Without thy lamp we know not where we

At evening bring us home. The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts O thou, dear shepherd, leave us not to

the waste night-our tardy footsteps At evening bring us home. Escheat.

To my estate no heirs succeed; When I have done with it no man Shall find it suited to his need, Adapted to his plan.

The walls for me were made, and when I close the door and turn the key No one shall enter there again, Or rule in place of me. This house is all I own; though poor,

It shelters me, and many a storm Has passed it, leaving all secure, The inner hearthstone warm. But after me no eager kin Shall hold my former house in pride;

No enemy shall enter in As tenant to abide. The friendly earth is good and sweet, And kindly to its heart will draw

Estates like mine when they escheat

By nature's changeless law. -Meredith Nicholson, in University Review. October. A fitful wind about the eaves,

That sways the creaking door; The shadows of the falling leaves Flit past me on the floor. The autumn skies are clear above,

But silent is their song, Oh, spirit of the changeless love, Keep back my autumn long. In vain with gold the forest weaves

Its sylvan greenness o'er; The shadows of the falling leaves Flit past me on the floor. It means the world is growing old,
It means no birds to sing;
Oh, not for all the autumn's gold

Would I forego my spring! -Macmillan's.

### A Song of the Lilac.

Above the wall that's broken, And from the coppice thinned, So sacred and so sweet The lilac in the wind! And when by night the May wind blows The lilac blooms apart, The memory of his first love Is shaken on his heart.

In tears it long was buried, And trances wrapt it round, O how they wake it now, The fragrance and the sound! For when by night the May wind blows The lilac blooms apart, The memory of his first love Is shaken on his heart.

-Louise Imogen Guiney. Strategy.

Detroit Tribune. Dick-Yes, you see, I am in no end of a fix. I would never have proposed if I'd the least idea that she would accept me, but she did. Jack-Well, just propose again, as if you had forgotten. That ought to make her mad enough to refuse you.

An Encore. Harper's Bazar. "How did your son do at college last year, Mrs. Wilkins?" "Very well, indeed. He did so finely as Freshman that he got an encore.' "A what?" "An encore. The faculty have requested MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

An Indiana Poetess Who Prophesied the Restoration of Chicago.

Few American poets have sung more sweetly of October days and the sere and yellow leaf than Indiana's loved writer, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, of this city. To her nature seemed in her full glory when arrayed in her garb of russet and brown, tinged with scarlet and gold. Riley has immortalized our Indiana summer in his "Knee-deep in June," and has also delighted thousands with "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," but Mrs. Jordan has given prominence in her poems to our "October Days." There is, however, an undercurrent of sadness ir all of her poems not unlike the feeling commonly produced by the approaching November days; yet it is not gloom and darkness, but the tenderest

It was on a hazy October afternoon, when the trees were dropping their tinted leaves and the air was blue with smoke from the burning piles in the streets, that I visited Mrs. Jordan. She was ill, suffering with rheumatism, and her hands were stricken with "scrivener's palsy." She is an ardent lover of the beautiful, is intensely sympathetic and hungers for human love and tenderness. She feels keenly the deprivation of not being able to see the glory of America, the world's fair. All she hears from her friends and all she reads of the poetic beauty of the Columbian Exposition fills her with sadness. Her mind and memory are perfectly clear and active, and the poetic muse visits her as of old, but her stricken hand prevents her recording the thoughts that come and go-come and go like Burns's snow-"That falls upon a river,

A moment white-then Gone forever." As I sat and looked at Mrs. Jordan's fine face on the pillow, and saw her palsied, trembling hand, and heard her endeavor to give verbal expression to some beautiful, poetic thoughts, I was reminded of the striking words of Ernest Renan. They run something like this: "Literature impairs that which it touches; the most beautiful sentiments remain unknown; the ever been entertained with regard to the universe have remained unpublished, or, to put it more accurately, unexpressed God and His angels have enjoyed the privilege of the only fine spectacles in the moral and intellectual order; I mean those meditations and sentiments produced in the bosom of an absolute objectivity, with-out being spoiled by the interested second thought of how they may be put to profit. The man who is virtuous in silence, the grand heart which makes no parade of its heroism, the great mind which yields up its lofty views only when forced to it, so to speak, are superior to the artisan in words, engrossed in the idea of giving a form to opinions which, as likely as not, he does not cherish very deeply. \* \* \* The great malady of our day—the literary malady—the false idea that thought and sentiment exist for the purpose of being ex-pressed, which turns one aside from loving life for itself and causes an exaggerated value to be placed on talent." During my visit the poetess called my attention to an old scrap book on the table, in which her mother had pasted newspaper clippings. On one page was found a poem of Mrs. Jordan's, writ-ten at the time of the great Chicago fire and published in the old Cincinnati Gazette of that period. It is not only beautiful in its broad humanity and tender sympathy, but is now seen to be prophetic. By Mrs. Jordan's kind permission I copied it and now send it to the Journal. She spoke feelingly of the "brave and lion-hearted who firmly walked beneath the chastening rod" of fire in Chicago twenty years ago, and who now have "come forth in greater strength and

This is the poem written twenty years ago, giving consolation and hope to the stricken city and prophesying the new Chi-"Ch, city, lying in sad desolation,
Thy temples fallen and thy marts laid low,
Thy beauteous streets that echoed to the

As thronging multitudes went to and fro. All silent now, in ruin, and deserted; The temples reared to art and glorious The crumbling walls can echo back no

Where once swept by the gay and happy "Sad city in thine hour of tribulation, When the great heart of nations beat for And men have learned the name of friend From Western slopes to lands beyond the

We may not prate of providence and judg-And with our puny hand God's purpose We know, behind the cloud that seems so He hides but for a time a smiling face.

"But for a time, O brave and lion-hearted, Who firmly walk beneath the chastening Ye shall come forth in greater strength and

Refined, and purified, and thanking God, Who raised up, in thy need, a band of To strengthen thee in thy despairing hour, To show us that the world's great heart is

To melt in sympathy's refining power. "Take heart, oh sadly scourged, the world To see proud Phoenix from his ashes rise, They shall not vainly wait the mythic won-His wings shall proudly sail our Western

And now that proud Phoenix has from his ashes risen, and the world has not waited vainly, but to-day stands enraptured before the mythic wonder of the White City; and, as Chicago is "sailing the Western skies" it seems fitting that Mrs. Jordan's prophetic lines be given wide publication in the Journal. EUGENE EDGEFIELD. Richmond, Ind., Oct. 12.

LA GRANDE JATTE.

A French Island That Is Growing Famous for Its Numerous Duels.

Several Frenchmen have recently been doing the proud honor business. They satisfied their outraged feelings by brandishing rapiers and firing off pistols at each other. The other day a brace of noblemen had a set-to with swords on the island of La Grande Jatte, and one of the furious lot got an ugly thrust. On the following day there were two encounters between jour-nalists, during which pistols and swords were used with vicious intention.

A few days ago I, accompanied by a friend, went to a famous restaurant in the Island of La Grande Jatte, opposite Courbevole, where most of the duels that take place near Paris are fought. I was quick to take advantage of the waiter's surmise that the pair had come to arrange for a tilt, and, in consequence, the landlord was summoned. This proprietor is a jovial individual, and has just turned his fifty years. He welcomed us most genially, and

"Oh! so a duel! Well, there is the ground behind the swings; twenty meters of splen-did ground, quite smooth and hard. Beau-tiful trees and shrubs; plenty of shade; quite quiet and private, you see. Over there on the quay, bordering the narrow branch of the Seine, is where the carriages

branch of the Seine, is where the carriages stop. M. Dehaynin and M. Jaques Lebaudy received three centimeters of steel in the middle of the chest. Would you like more open ground? Here you have it.

"Last month there was an exciting affair on this very spot. A duel between ladies, and smart ones, too, I can tell you. They were actresses. Love was the cause of the dispute and they fought like tigresses. Upon my word, you would have thought they were mad. The seconds were elderly gentlemen, both decorated and evidently rich. The girls were naked to the waist and wore full riding breeches. One of them had her breast pierced three times of them had her breast pierced three times before she would give in. She will have to keep her bed for at least a month."
Upon being asked if he witnessed these duels the urbane proprietor somewhat re-proachfully answered: "Most absolute soli-tude reigns here on those occasions. All the doors are bolted and the waiters are shut up in the cafe. I remain near at hand-behind one of the bushes, for example—to give assistance if needed. My clients need bring nothing with them but their arms. I supply everything, except the doctor and his instruments, of course. Two salad bowls full of carbolic acid and water to wash the wounds, bandages, lint, cottonwool-in fact, all that is required for the

first dressing. In a word, you are just as comfortable as if you were at home. The ground I have just pointed out to you would not do on a rainy day. In bad weather these affairs are settled in the ball-room, which has a beutlful smooth, even flooring, as you will see. Just like a salle d'armes. It was there that the Mores-Meyer duel was fought. M. Clemenceau, who is one of my best customers, will never fight anywhere else. He was here a few fight anywhere else. He was here a few weeks ago to settle an affair with a Deputy, but the commissary of police arrived Music and Musicians," has investigated

upon the scene. In such an eventuality, everything is prepared. As the commissary entered by one door, my customers went out by another, and did the business in Rothschild's park, where M. Clemenceau had all the time he required to put two or three inches of steel into his adversary's ribs. When M. Clemenceau is not here, others are. I generally have two or three

"As for the fee?—oh, a mere nothing!—a couple of louis, service complete. If it were not for the refreshments it would not repay one the trouble. When the affair does not terminate badly the gentlemen often lunch

Then, in answer to a query, this accomodating host continued: "No, it is not now customary for the duelists to shake hands and lunch together when the encounter is

One of the principals lunches with his two seconds and his doctor in one arbor, and the other with his friends in another, fifty meters apart. But the dejeuner that is the most curious and profitable is that which is given a day or two afterward. A duel naturally makes lions of the principals, who are talked about by their friends, and who are tarked about by their friends, and when it has not had an unhappy issue, one or other of them, sometimes both, but at different times, return here with a party of ladies and gentlemen and "fights his battles o'er again"—in words.

The ground is inspected, and everything is minutely explained. The hero is applauded by the men, and admired by the ladies, who give utterance to suppressed shrieks, and exclaim, 'So you wounded him, mon cheri, did you? Well, it was very chic, anyhow.' Then they cuddle and kiss him and you can easily imagine what a set-out there is after that." Thereupon the land-lord burst out into a fit of laughter. When his hilarity had somewhat subsided he exclaimed: "And now, gentlemen, let's have a look at the culinary arrangements." And the monarch of the swell kingdom led the way from the garden into the elegantly appointed edifice, where, in a sumptuous dining room, most savory menus are

A BRAHMIN MONK.

One of the Interesting Foreigners at the Congress of Religions. Chicago Letter.

served.

The most striking figure one meets in this ante-room! is Swami Vivekananda, the Brahmin monk. He is a large, well-built man, with the superb carriage of the Hindustanis', his face clean shaven, squarely molded regular features, white teeth, and with well-chiselled lips that are usually parted in a benevolent smile while he is conversing. His finely poised head is crowned with either a lemon-colored or a red turban, and his cassock (not the techthe waist and falling below the knees, alternates in a bright orange and a rich crimson. He speaks excellent English, and replies readily to any questions asked in

Along with his simplicity of maner there is a touch of personal reserve when speaking to ladies which suggests his chosen vocation. When questioned about the laws of his order, he has said: "I can do as I please. I am independent. Sometimes I live in the Himalaya mountains, and some-times in the streets of cities. I never know where I will get my next meal. I never keep money with me. I come here by subscription." Then, looking round at one or two of his fellow-countrymen who chanced to be standing near, he added:
"They will take care of me," giving the
inference that his board bill in Chicago is attended to by others. When asked if he was wearing his usual monk's costume he said: "This is a good dress; when I am at home I am in rags, and I go barefooted. Do I believe in caste? Caste is a social custom; religion has nothing to do with it; all castes will associate with me.' It is quite apparent, however, from the deportment, the general appearance, of Mr. Vivekananda that he was born among high castes-years of voluntary poverty and homeless wanderings have not robbed him of his birthright of gentleman; even his family name is unknown; he took that of Vivekananda in embracing a religious career and "Swami" is merely the title of reverend accorded to him. He cannot be far along in the thirties, and looks as if made for this life and its fruition, as well

made for this life and its fruition, as well as for meditation on the life beyond. One cannot help wondering what could have been the turning point with him.

"Why should I marry," was his abrupt response to a comment on all he had renounced in becoming a monk, "when I see in every woman only the divine mother? Why do I make all these sacrifices? To emancipate myself from earthly ties and attachments so that there will be no rebirth for me. When I die I want to become at once absorbed in the divine, one with God. I would be a Buddha."

Vivekananda does not mean by this that Vivekananda does not mean by this that he is a Buddhist. No name or sect can label him. He is an outcome of the higher Brahminism, a product of the Hindu spirit, which is vast, dreamy, self-extinguishing, a Sanyasi or holy man.

He has some pamphlets that he distributes, relating to his master, Paramhansa Ramkrishna, a Hindu devotee, who so impressed his hearers and pupils that many of them became ascetics after his death. Mozoomdar also looked upon this saint as his master, but Mozoomdar works for holiness in the world, in it but not of it, as Jesus taught

Vivekananda's address before the parliament was broad as the heavens above us, embracing the best in all religions, as the ultimate universal religion—charity to all mankind, good works for the love of God, mankind, good works for the love if God, not for fear of punishment or hope of reward. He is a great favorite at the parliament, from the grandeur of his sentiments and his appearance as well. If he merely crosses the platform he is applauded, and this marked approval of thousands he accepts in a childlike spirit of gratification, without a trace of conceit. It must be a strange experience for this humble strange experience, too, for this humble young Brahmin monk, this sudden trasition from poverty and self-effacement to affluence and aggrandizement. When asked if he knew anything of those brothers in the Himalayas so firmly believed in by the Theosophists, he answered with the simple statement, "I have never met one of them," as much as to imply, "There may be such persons, but, though I am at home in the Himalayas, I have yet to come across them."

ONE-WHEELED PNEUMATIC SULKY. The Invention of a Californian Who Looks for Big Success with It. San Francisco Examiner.

Capt. Alphons B. Smith, a pioneer of San Diego, Cal., is the inventor of a one-wheeled sulky which apparently is a sucess. Some years ago he conceived the idea that the time of a horse on the race course could be materially reduced, if, instead of the two-wheel sulky, a one-wheel cart could be used, and he forthwith set to work to devise a vehicle which would suit the pur-pose. He feels confident that at last he has succeeded in inventing something which fully realizes his brightest hopes, and some-thing, too, which is destined to come into general use throughout the world. axle of the cart is made in pieces, and is so arranged that the wheel turns very readily in any direction the horse can possibly pursue, Attached to the shafts, near where they meet the axle, are stirrups, designed to steady the rider in his position on the cart. Made for ordinary road use, one of the vehicles weigh eighty-seven pounds, but when designed for use on the race course, the unicycle, as some have called it, may be constructed so as to weigh only thirty-two pounds. One was recently manufactured at San Diego entirely of aluminium, the weight being a trifle less than thirty-two pounds, the vehicle being strong and handsome. Arthur M. Plate is Captain Smith's partner in business. Mr. Plate said: "Captain Smith perfected the several patents last June, and he and I are now preparing to introduce it to the public.
No, it isn't true that a balancing pole goes
with each cart. The driver isn't in
a bit of danger of being tipped over. The
cart can't be overturned unless the horse falls, and the motion isn't jerky. We feel falls, and the motion isn't jerky. We feel confident that the one-wheel cart will drive the two-wheel pneumatic sulky from the track. Why? Well, because it minimizes friction, and, therefore, admits of greater speed. The experiments thus far made on race courses leave no room for doubt that the one-wheel cart is certain of popularity among turfmen." The inventor is sanguine that before another year has rolled away hundreds of his unicycles will be in use in San Francisco, and hundreds be in use in San Francisco, and hundreds more throughout the interior of California, especially in the mountainous districts.

WROTE GOOD OLD TUNES. Authors of "Old Hundred," "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle,"

Boston Transcript. "Old Hundred" has been variously ascribed to Dr. Martin Luther, Dr. John Dowland and William Franck, Dr. Lowell Mason wrote quite a treatise on the old tune in 1853, saying emphatically that it was written by Guillaume (William) Franck (1543.) But later musical historians and antiquarians who have investigated more closely say it was composed by Louis Bourgeois (born about 1500 and died about 1572-some say in the massacre of St. Bar-tholomew), of France, 1551-52.

The old tune, "God save the King," or "America," so universally sung to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was undoubtedly composed by Dr. John Bull (1562-1628), music teacher to Queen Elizabeth about 1600. The tune of "Yankee Doodle" has had seven or eight treatises written upon it in the last thirty years, ascribing it to various dates and origins, even back to the Netherlands and the days of Cromwell and the

# The New York Store.

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

## EXPENSIVE BLUNDER

A man made a blunder and brought out too many silks. He was cornered, goods were all right, but he had to find the money and get it quickly. Our representatives in New York, The Syndicate Trading Company, heard about it; there was some sharp figuring, but we got them, and now for a Silk disturbance Monday morning.

These silks are the very latest for waists and whole dresses. Changeable effects in such stylish colorings as these:

Cardinal and Green, Garnet and Green, Cardinal and Blue, Blue and Brown, Gray and Red, Old Rose and Reseda, Blue and Green and others.

In dainty little figures and striped effects they comesoft and elegant. Some of these Silks have a bright, gold-colored thread running through the goods, giving brightness, yet harmonizing beautifully. \$1.50 is the price they were going to be, and always are, and a few pieces at \$1.25. We are delighted to tell you that

S9c A YARD

will buy them Monday morning, and you'll find them on the center bargain counter. Don't classify these with ordinary bargain-counter goods. Such as these never appeared on the bargain table before, and we want our own particular friends to be sure and

Dress Goods-West Aisle.

Why, I paid a dollar and a half for that, and you sell it for a dollar twenty-five; or I paid a dollar twenty-five, and yours is just like it for a dollar. These are almost every day expressions here, and will no doubt teach those ladies who say it; never to do it again.

Mingled Suitings, 40 inches wide; all wool. No, not 50c, but 39c a yard.

50c a yard. Entirely new.

can't match this quality less than \$1. All wool Ladies' Cloth, 52

inches wide; all shades. Actual value, 90c, for 75c a yard. All we ask is comparison.

figures; all wool, in ten shades, for \$1 a yard. Sackings, 52 inches wide, and

only \$1.25 a yard.

East Bargain Counter. inches wide; only 25 pieces, ages we offer. May we show for 49c a yard.

Black Goods-West aisle.

An all-wool Black Storm Serge, 46 inches wide, for 59c a yard; actual value, 75c.

Silk finish all-wool Black Henrietta, 46 inches widemost people get a dollar for them-all we ask is 75c a yard.

Bengalines, with a pretty little pin spot introduced in the weave-40 inches wide for 85c a yard—the regular price

Black Broadcloths, 52 inches wide, all-wool, for 75c a yard-others get \$1 a yard for no better.

Gloves-Center Aisle-Another glove hit.

Just 480 pairs Biarritz Gloves in Black, Modes, Tans, Reds, Grays and Green, for 69 cents a pair, regular price \$1. Don't come just too late. Millinery-Second floor.

It isn't often you can get a chance like this right in the heart of a season.

100 trimmed hats—pretty hats-made to sell for \$3.50, with all the captivating little touches you can find on the finer ones, for \$2.29 each.

We have put the wings on the wing at 13c each, and we are plucking out the fancy feathers for 19c and 39cthat's a drop, and then lovely quills for only 4c-it's a disgrace to rob the bird of such beauties and sell them for



What about that hat, anyway? Have you decided what 40-inchall wool Waffle Suit- you want yet? Just bring ings, in fifteen shades, just | your ideas here and we will set them to harmony in velvet, 46-inch all wool Gray Me- feathers, aigrettes or some langes; a beautiful fabric; such pretty stuff. We origistylish and 75c a yard. You | nate ideas, also, if you are still

Trade has been brisk, and our buyer was in New York again all last week picking up the latest styles. Monday Satin Cloths, with pretty | will be a sort of second opening-hundreds more garments to show you, including new All-wool two-toned hop winter styles. Come prepared to see some handsome garments and you'll not be dis-Paris Serges. All wool; 40 appointed—and the fit is perfect besides the price advantyou a few choice ones?

## PETTIS DRY GOODS CO

and the British Museum in England, finding no trace of it whatever, thus exploding all the mystical, traditional and apocryphal accounts thereof. But "Yankee Doodle" has an origin and has a history. It was written by Dr. Shuchburgh (whose commission dates 1737), in the French and Indian war of 1775, under Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, and was intended as a "take off" on the "rag, tag and bobtail" recruits of the colonies that came into the army. It "took so well, however, that the Americans have ever adopted it, and would not part with it for anything. The first words,

"Father and I went down to camp," were in the Boston Journal, 1768, and the first record of the tune is in Arnold's "Two to One," 1784, so that "Yankee Doodle," at-though written by a British surgeon, is really American. The tune, "Star-spangled Banner," is an adaptation of "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold (1739-1802), of

"Hail Columbia," or the "President's March," was by Professor Phylas, of Phil-The Portuguese hymn, or "Adeste Fideles," by English musicians is ascribed to John Reading. There were three of the name. The first died in 1692, the second one about 1720, and the third (1677-1764) is the reputed author of "Adeste Fideles." But Hertert P. Main, of New York, a pretty thorough musical antiquarian, says the tune cannot be found as in existence previous to 1790. He says the grand old tune was composed and written by Marcantonio

Simoe (1762-1830), an Italian who composed

and wrote much for the stage eighty to

ninety years ago, in 1792-93. He wrote un-der the assumed name of "Portogallo." SNAKE VS. EAGLE.

An Arizona Story of a Fight to the Death in Midair Prescott Courier.

J. H. Lee came in yesterday from the ranch west of Prescott and related a strange story. In the mountain crags near that ranch several families of American eagles have for years reared their fearless brood, and have, in the main, been unmorested, their chief prey being snakes and other reptiles unwelcome to man. In the same section a species of snake, known hereabouts as the whip snake, is also common. The snakes are of the long, slim vaonor. "He can prove a lullaby."

thoroughly the various musical libraries riety seldom larger than a good-sized walking stick, but ranging in length all the way from four to ten feet. They are not considered poisonous, but, like the boa constrictor species, wind around their prey and crush it, and their squeezing powers are said to be somewhat wonderful. So swift are these snakes that they disappear unharmed when struck at with a stick, like the shadow of a flying bird.

A few days ago Mr. Lee's sons were hunting through the forest near the ranch when they saw a great eagle which was sailing in midair suddenly dart to the earth, heard a flutter in the bush, a piercing scream, and the bird rose above the pine tops with an unusually long whip snake dangling from his beak. The eagle heid the snake just behind the head and rose rapidly. The snake seemed to be making ineffectual efforts to draw its dangling body up to coil around the eagle. The eagle was soon in midair, and the snake could not be seen, but it was evident a mortal combat was taking place, for the bird would rise and fall and emit occasional screams, as if in pain, and in a few minutes was seen rapidly descending earthward, turning over and over in his flight, and flapping one wing vigorously, the other seeming to be held out stationary. But nothing could be seen of the snake. The bird struck the ground with somewhat of a thud near the boys, who hurried to the place, where they found the eagle with a death grip on the snake just back of the reptile's head, while the reptile had coiled round and round its assailant's body, crushing the bird all out of shape and breaking one wing entirely.

The boys killed and unwound the snake, while the dogs went for the eagle, and soon killed it; not, however, before the bird had almost torn the nose from one of the dogs with his beak.

Proving It by the Baby.

Harper's Bazar. "My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-aby Baby.